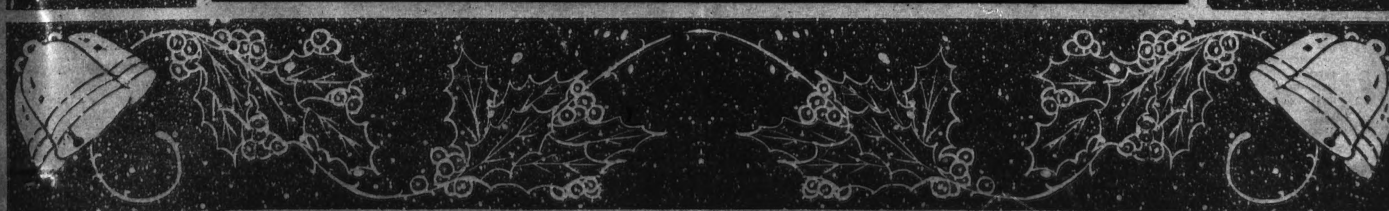


THE CLAREMONT ENTERPRISE

Christmas Number, 1924



THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY

A Real National Treasure

By ISABEL ARMSTRONG.

NESS governments and departments of government can be induced to refrain from issuing such exhaustive official reports and Canadian writers from blossoming on every concession and turning out prolific stores of literature annually, a beautiful, dignified and noble Canadian institution is going to be swamped.

Even while day by day the tower of the new Dominion Parliament Buildings in Ottawa is climbing higher and higher towards completion, the old Parliamentary Library, providentially saved in the fire of 1910, is struggling with the difficult problem of where to find sufficient room to accommodate the continually growing collection of books, bound reports and records, and files of leading Canadian newspapers.

Already the tower seems to those standing near the base almost to pierce the winter sky. But it will probably be next September before it is capped and crowned, so carefully must each stone be laid in building for permanency. In the meantime, the joint Librarians of Parliament, Messrs. Taché and Burrell, and the members of their staff are patiently waiting for the day when the nation will give them additional space for the more adequate housing of the treasures in books of which they are guardians.

Not that they would have disfiguring extensions or wings to mar the architectural perfection of the library, which on this score alone, apart from all others, ranks as one of the richest jewels in Canada's casket, and evokes the admiration of

Fine regard for detail was expressed by the builders of the seventies to the extent of chaste hand-carving of every narrow panel dividing the book cases, thereby providing a worthy setting for the volumes in rich bindings. Throughout all the past fifty years of the life of the library, special attention has been given to bindings of books as well as contents with the resultant glow of subdued tawny, red, green and blues and glints of gold leaf to give the wealth of coloring of rugs of the Orient.

The venerable age of the masonry floor into which the hard woods of Canada have been deftly fitted would scarcely explain the unevenness. Has it been thus worn by the heavy tread of the makers of the Dominion's laws?

The real explanation is the floods of water which swept in during the fire to a depth of several feet and caused the bulging irregularities.

Among the statues of Canadian statesmen which are a feature of Parliament Hill stands one of "Victoria the Good" representing her towards the close of her life, the queenly old woman, weighed down but unbowed by the cares of long years and human sorrows.

The central feature of the library is Victoria of quite another era, the slender young queen of nineteen at the time of her coronation, sculptured in gleaming white marble as graceful as one of classic Greece. Nearby, a bust of the queen is placed on a pedestal at one side of a corridor entrance, and across one of Albert, the Prince Consort.

A bust of Sir Etienne Taché companion that of Sandfield Macdonald and it is interesting to note in this connection that the Taché who is joint librarian with Hon. Martin Burrell is great nephew of Sir Etienne, distinguished in Canadian history.

During the early days of its career, the library served the purpose of a workshop. Within its walls were shaped and carved the blocks and ornamentations of stone for the old main buildings. It was formally opened with a sumptuous ball during the Alexander Mackenzie regime, between 1873 and 1878, the period of the building.

The years which have intervened have witnessed the accumulation of almost half a million books, including all official publications in Canada, the collection of records dating back to the beginning of history in "British North America." There is a complete set of the Hansards of the Imperial Parliament and of the Hansards and other official records of the "sister dominions" in more recent years.

Newspaper files of leading papers, lodged in the vaults below the main floor date back to the beginning of these publications in the middle of the eighteenth century.

While "official records" take precedence, large sections are devoted to history, philosophy, the fine arts and belle lettres and a collection of "Canadian authors" growing by leaps and bounds.

No matter how obscure the Canadian writer, he or she is assured a public presentation in at least one place of honor—the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa.

The custom in the past has been to send a copyright copy of a book as soon as it appeared to the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa and another to the British Museum, Mr. Taché, the general librarian, recently expressed regret for the lapse of this regulation and the consequent possibility of publications being lost in process of time.

Who enjoy the privileges and derive direct benefits from the Library of Parliament?

Cabinet ministers and their departments of government, senators, members of the Commons, people, whatever their age, position or rank, who are



Parliament Building, Ottawa—View from the south. Tower partially obscured.

visitors from all corners of the globe.

In the past summer and autumn, thousands of tourists, large numbers of these motorists from across the line, stopped over in the Dominion capital with one very definite object in view, to see the Parliament Buildings. From all over Canada came pilgrims to "get a close up" of their own seat of government. Guests from the Mother Country and sister Dominions paid their respects and strangers from many lands.

One guide in particular with a fine feeling for dramatic effect has made a point of winding up his personally conducted tours through the buildings with the entrance rotunda under the centre tower, then through the "Hall of Fame" with its high, gracefully vaulted ceiling to the library as a grand climax.

He draws attention to the gray sandstone, quarried in Ontario and Quebec, used for the outside walls of the new main buildings which have replaced those lost in the fire on a bitter February night in war-time. Inside, the buildings are completely lined with fossilized limestone which was brought for the purpose from Manitoba.

Quebec contributed the white marble of the floors and the highly polished black marble for relief. It was only necessary to go a-field for the mottled green granite, used with discretion for ornamentation and pleasing contrast.

In the centre of the rotunda under the tower rises a stately pillar enriched at the base with carvings and merging at the top into fan-shaped arches which form the roof.

"This pillar, dedicated in July 1917 on the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation," says the guide, "represents Great Britain rising out of the sea, guarded by Father Neptune, as you will note in the carving at the base, and supported by her colonies, as symbolized by the arches."

"The geometrical arrangement of the black marble surrounding the pillar represents the points of the compass pointing out to Britain's possessions over the Seven Seas, symbolized by the wavy circle of green marble."

According to the inscription on the pillar, the Dominion of Canada, the Parliament and the people dedicated the buildings in process of construction to replace those destroyed in the fire "as a memorial of the deeds of their forefathers and of the valor of those Canadians who in the Great War fought for Liberties of Canada, the Empire and of humanity."

Down at the end of the Hall of Fame, directly facing the centre pillar and main entrance under the tower, are the portals to the stately library which led the way in the erection of the first Parliament Buildings, and stands as a memorial to the deeds of the planners, the faith in their own country, the courage and the appreciation of the value of beauty in national life of the men of the seventies who planned and put their ideals into effect.

In the old days before the fire, the Library was a dominating feature of the majestic buildings which housed the Parliament of Canada. The addition of an extra story in the new buildings has hidden from the front the "House of Books" and rather dwarfed it looking to east or west. To obtain a real appreciation of the circular building, tapering fluently to a peak one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, it must be seen from across the Ottawa River, above which it has been placed high on a cliff.

Entering from the main building through the heavy double doors which helped to save its life in the fire, the first impression obtained is one of harmony of proportion, soaring height, and richness of coloring and ornamentation. From base to dome the round inner chamber climbs one hundred and thirty feet, the walls completely lined to a height of forty-five or fifty feet by shelves filled with books, these made accessible by galleries with wrought iron railings. Above a circle of tall windows—suggesting the Gothic—admit the light and from these the roof arches, a symphony of blue pillars in soft gray.

An octagon effect is achieved by eight corridors which afford entrance and divide the outer circle of the rotunda into a series of eight book-lined alcoves, used as offices for the staff or studies for senators and members who are making research during the session.

Each corridor is enriched in front and along its walls by a series of hand-carved panels and above these medallions of conventionalized floral or leaf design, with the exception of the two facing medallions nearest the floor, these represent mythological animals.



Parliament Building, Ottawa—Main Entrance Hall looking towards North Corridor. In the centre of the rotunda the pillar rises a stately pillar enriched at the base with carvings and merging at the top into fan-shaped arches which form the roof.



House of Commons Chamber from the Speaker's Gallery.

sponsored by senators or members, students and writers from far and near.

When the House is in session, senators and members have right of way and continually there are calls upon the resources from the members, private secretaries, and messengers. Even when the House sits till seven o'clock in the morning for a budget or other important debate, the library staff must be on duty every minute of the time to give prompt service. Between sessions, the majority of calls come from the departments of government located in Ottawa.

"Borrowing" is permitted by those fortunate enough to be vouched for by cabinet ministers, senators and members and these privileges even extend to out of town, except under very special circumstances, the books are not allowed to go a great distance.

During the holiday season, Ottawa is a Mecca for students intent upon obtaining material for thesis writing; authors from all over the continent, and a particularly large quota from the United States, frequently spend weeks and months in research work with the Parliamentary Library as their base. They find available most complete records of every description in both English and French. Prof. Wilson, of Dalhousie University, Halifax, for example, has spent the greater part of the past year in the library, delving into "holes and corners" of records and old newspapers for a book on the Baldwin-Lafontaine period in Canadian history, covering the years from 1825-67.

While the Parliamentary Library had a miraculous escape in the great fire which demolished the Parliament Buildings in 1916, there was, some loss, apart from the marks left upon the floor. Some twenty or twenty-five thousand volumes were hopelessly damaged. Another loss felt by those deeply interested in the Parliamentary Library as a great repository for authentic Canadian and other Empire records occurred some years ago.

Records, documents, official publications and books carefully collected over a period of years from families of deceased members, senators and public men in various positions, as well as from other sources had been painstakingly set in order and catalogued and shelved in a six story building rented for the purpose.

The services were called by the government then in office of American efficiency experts to re-organize the civil service and features in connection with departments of government. One of their "services" was to order withdrawal from the rented building and the destruction of the invaluable records and documents stored there, in the interests of economy!

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McIntosh Reds per case \$3.25		
Cauliflower, Head Lettuce, Celery, Hot House Tomatoes, Etc.		
Orange and Lemon Peel Per lb 40c Fresh Cleaned Currants 2 lbs 35c	FLORIDA GRAPE FRUIT nice size 2 for 25c	Libby's Mince Meat per lb 30c Libby's Mince Meat in Glass 60c Arab Mince Meat 4 lbs tins 75c
Bleached Sultanas, 2 lbs 45c Seedless Raisins, per lb 15c		

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WE HAVE—

Some very smart Suits, warm Overcoats and Mackinaws Sweaters, in Coat Style and Pullovers, Pullover Vests, etc.; fancy and plain all wool Flannel Shirts; Silk, Broadcloth, Silk Stripe Wool Taffeta and fancy Cotton Dress Shirts; warm Gloves; smart Scarfs and fancy Silk and All Wool Socks. We have Ties galore, from 50c to \$2.50; Suspenders and Suspender Sets; Arm Band and Garter Sets; Belts; Silk, Linen and Excelsa Handkerchiefs, etc.; all in special gift boxes

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Blairmore.

A Thousand Stories in Lake District of Manitoba Says Canadian Authoress

Martha Ostenso Gave Best First Novel of Year that Setting

Miss Martha Ostenso, who was awarded the \$13,500 prize and royalties on the book for the best first novel submitted during the past year in a contest organized jointly by Doubleday & Company, Pictorial Review and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, is a twenty-four-year-old school teacher from Manitoba. Miss Ostenso's novel will be serialized, filmed and published in book form in 1925. The story, which is called "The Passionate Flight," deals with the farmers of the Western prairie and portrays the romance of one whose ambition to soar beyond the black loam led to dramatic consequences.

More than 1,500 manuscripts were submitted. The judges state that Miss Ostenso's was so far superior that no other story seriously rivaled it.

A brief sketch of her life and the circumstances which inspired her novel, as related by Miss Ostenso, follows:

"Where the long arm of the Hardangerfjord penetrates farthest into the rugged mountains of the coast of Norway, the Ostenso family has lived in the township that bears its name since the days of the Vikings. The name means 'Eastern Sea,' and was assumed centuries ago by an adventurous forerunner who dreamed of extending his holdings over the mountains and through the lowlands of Sweden eastward to the very shores of the Baltic. Although his dreams never came true, the family name recalls it and the family tradition of land-holding has persisted unbroken; the part of the land that borders the lovely fjord is still in its possession, handed down from eldest son to eldest son.

"My father, a young son, was free to indulge his roving disposition. A few years after his marriage to my mother he decided to emigrate to America.

"My mother's parents lived high up in the mountains, remote from the settling influence of the coast towns. At their home it was, near the little village of Haukeland, that the settlement of the coast towns, small towns in which I have lived, is known to me only through hearsay, for when I was two years old we came to America.

"The story of my childhood is a tale of seven little towns in Minnesota and South Dakota. Towns of

the field and prairie all, redolent of the soil from which they had sprung and eloquent of that struggle common to the farmer the world over, a struggle but transferred from the Old World to the richer loam of the new. They should have a story written about them—those seven small, yet glorious little towns of my childhood. In one of them, on the dun prairie of South Dakota, I learned to speak English. What a lovely



Martha Ostenso

language I found it to be, with words in it like pall and funeral and alone, and ugly words, too, like laughter and cake and scratch! What strange sounds the new words made to me.

"Later, in another of the little towns, I learned that it was fun to make things with words. It was while living in a little town in Minnesota that I became a regular contributor to the Junior Page of the Minneapolis Journal, and was rewarded for my literary trial-balloons at the rate of eighty cents a column. In the public school of that little town there still hangs, perhaps, a large print of a rural scene in a resplendent frame, with a neat name-plate at the bottom of it. That also came from the Journal, in recognition of an essay which, in my eleven-year-old opinion, placed me abreast of Emerson.

"When I was fifteen years old, I had good-bye to the Seven Little

Towns. My father's restless spirit drove him north to the newer country. The family settled in Manitoba.

"It was during a summer vacation from my university work that I went into the lake district of Manitoba, well towards the frontiers of that northern civilization. The story that I have written lay there, waiting to be put into words. Here was the raw material out of which Little Towns were to be written.

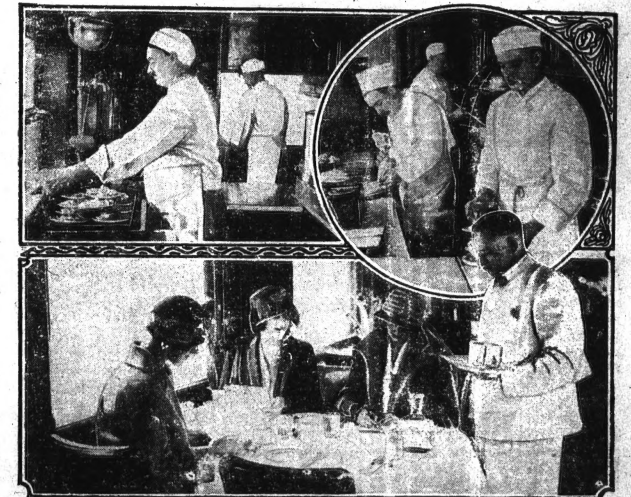
"My novel lay back of my mind for several years before I began to write it. In the intervals of those years, spent as a social worker in a great city, I often compared the creaking machinery of skyscraper civilization with the cruder, direct society of the frontier. Slowly, as my work among the needy brought me nearer and nearer to the heart of the city, the border line began to be limned clearly against the murkier background of my work-a-day scene.

"A year ago last summer I returned to remembered scenes renewed my interest in my story, the character stood out clear-cut at last, and I made the first draft of the novel.

"I was not satisfied with the result and laid the manuscript aside, with no definite purpose regarding it. It was not until spring that I returned to the city and learned of the Curtis Brown contest. It was with diffidence and reluctance that I was persuaded by friends, who thought well of my story, to submit it for consideration. At best, I felt, if it were as good as my friends said, it might not be wholly ignored.

"I leave it to the scientists and pseudo-scientists who argue interminably about the relative influence on men of heredity and environment to decide the responsibility for what ever merit my story may have. The blood of the Norsemen! The Seven Little Towns! Perhaps—I do not know. No—but I have my own very unscientific opinion. It won't bear stating, but this much may be said of it: it has something to do with magic and fairies and all the other impossible, beautiful things that I believe in."

"Bring me a . . ."



At the top are seen the chefs at work on the new trays which operate between Montreal and Winnipeg over Canadian Pacific lines in 20 hours 45 minutes, daily. Below, a comfortable meal with a landscape changing many times with each course.

How would you like to be called upon to prepare a meal for 125 or more people in a kitchen 21 feet long and 12 feet wide, in which four other than yourself were working, and in which all your stores and supplies were kept? You might consider it a fairly tall order, and yet day after day many men are doing just the very same thing at least three times a day in the kitchen of the railway dining cars when tender travelling hotel services across the continent. In addition to the space mentioned, the kitchen and dining room staff have only a pantry seven feet by six in which to work, yet who has not wondered at the seeming magic with which the waiters produce at very short notice the choicest of foods and drinks, cooked and garnished to tempt the most fastidious palate and appease the most hungry?

The key note of this remarkable service is, of course, system, and then training. Investigating one finds that each class of food has its own refrigerator, and that each refrigerator and lock well, each drawer and each of the innumerable lockers are so arranged as to permit of ready access with the minimum amount of lost motion. Everything has and is in its place, the separate refrigerators being provided in order to avoid absorption of odors from the pungent variety of foodstuffs by those of a more delicate quality. The cooking is done on a broiler in the case of steaks, fish and ham, etc., or on the large range. Dairy products and fruits are stored in the pantry where silver, glass-ware and crockery is kept.

The preparation of the menu card is done under the personal supervision of the superintendent and a full

set of bills of fare covering all meals to be served on the run, are handed to the steward and chef. They make out a requisition for the necessary quantity of supplies, basing their estimate on the average travel, and all foodstuffs are checked and examined as to quality by the chef personally as they are placed in the car, and put into the receptacles provided. Everything is then ready for the preparation of the meal. There is, however, a great deal of work to be done before the "first call" is made.

Stock has to be prepared for soup, poultry and fish cleaned, garreted cut, vegetables cut and many other things. The chef sees that everything possible is prepared ahead, but will not permit preparation ahead of such items as require to be prepared as ordered. All broiled foodstuffs and such things as toast and eggs for instance must be prepared only as ordered.

As to the division of duties, the Chef prepares soups, sauces, cooks all roasts, fry and grill all meats and generally supervises the work of the kitchen staff. Second cook makes all pastry, puddings, cakes, muffins and coffee; third cook peels all vegetables and assists the second cook with the other work; fourth cook is a general utility man and does the washing of dishes, pots and pans. The fifth cook, sometimes called the pantryman cuts bread, butter and prepares salads, grape fruit, orange, etc. This division of labor permits of the service of meals just as quickly as passengers can partake of them, and very often one kitchen staff in the Canadian Pacific dining car service will turn out nearly 400 meals in the course of one day.

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and the Crows' Nest Pass
we extend the

Season's Greetings



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PART OF VANCOUVER HARBOR AND THE BUSINESS DISTRICT

VANCOUVER, Canada's Pacific Gateway, is looking large on the horizon of the world in general and Canada particularly. It has long been recognized as a leading center, especially to the residents of the Canadian prairie, and is monthly becoming more prominent because of the development which is taking place.

The ever-present charm of mountain scenery, combined with the shore which ocean-going vessels bring to any port, as well as the attractions which Nature has so beautifully bestowed upon Vancouver, make it an almost ideal place in which to spend a vacation. A holiday climate which has only a few days of frost in winter adds much to the general attractiveness, while a wealth of scenery permits many days of delightful touring with vehicle unobscured.

Stanley Park, within a few moments of the business section, holds an appeal that no other park on this continent can equal. From gorgeous, blooming flower beds to stately spruce forest, capable in height, a personal charm exists. There is the beauty of modern architecture vying with the lure of hazy pines, for along the seaward path, al fresco and cultured refreshment, and few Canadians who have viewed its glories fail to recall in this national possession.

Across Burrard Inlet, as shown in the above picture, are the remnants of the Coast Mountains, which stretch for hundreds of miles. Here is beauty unexcelled, including the world-famous canyon of the Chehalis, with its peculiar formations and rugged walls. Here, Vancouver's best peaks, "The Lions," which Indian legend says guard the city, and half a hundred other scenic spots, extending and stimulating.

There are so many good roads to and around the city that to choose a route for a day's drive is pleasure. Changing views, one scenic and fascinating highway lead on endless roads to any 11,000, there stretches 3,200 miles to Seattle, Pacific Highway, the longest paved road in the world.

Business has always been associated with the sea, and the waterfront of Vancouver is a colorful spot. Situated as the city is at the terminus of the two great transcontinental railways, and with the third largest industrial harbor in the world, a foundation for shipping and its kindred trades is ever present. From the Seven Seas come iron ore, petroleum, lumber and sugar-cane, and a host of other commodities, including cotton, wool, and a host of other goods.

Whether the ships are discharging the heterogeneous things of strange lands, whether the crews be coming from Europe, Asia, Australia, Japan, the West Indies, or from the English, there comes to the city a feeling of pride, and a feeling of the world's progress. It is the pride of the city which will some day be written into the annals of the world.

Lumber, minerals, fish, fruit, manufactured goods, and food and drink, the golden circle of the wheel turning from the center of the city, all these from a source of world activity that to the world holds interest. Perhaps, for the moment, it is something which is known and understood, and its transportation from the heart of the world to the heart of the city is a thing which will some day be written into the annals of the world.

Destined to be one of the great cities of the Pacific Coast, every Canadian must look with pride and devotion to the national possession which they have in Vancouver.



LADIES' CURLING CLUB

The skips chosen at the annual session of the Ladies' Curling Club held their meeting recently, when the following rinks were drawn:

Mrs. H. Burns (skip); Mrs. F. M. Thompson, third; Mrs. J. E. Upton, second; Mrs. M. A. Froude, lead.

Mrs. J. R. Granger (skip); Mrs. D. Fleming, third; Mrs. H. Gibson, second; Mrs. H. M. Bennett, lead.

Mrs. J. B. Wilson (skip); Mrs. J. E. Gillis, third; Mrs. R. Green, second; Mrs. P. W. Kuschel, lead.

ONLY THE RICH HAVE DIAPHRAGMS

Mrs. W. Bird (skip); Mrs. G. H. Thompson, third; Mrs. M. Congdon, second; Mrs. J. Brehler, lead.

Mrs. J. Kerr (skip); Mrs. J. R. Smith, third; Mrs. F. M. Pinkney, second; Mrs. W. Barnard, lead.

The fee for the season is \$5.00 and can be paid to the secretary.

In announcing the engagement of Miss Andet to Mr. Joseph McDougall in our last issue, we stated that the marriage would take place on January the 6th. Should have read the 7th.

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning:

"Dear Teacher. You keep tellin' my boy to breathe with his diaphragm, maybe rich children has got diaphragms, but how about when there father only makes one dollar and fifty cents a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing, then it's another and now it's diaphragms. That's the worst yet."

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS

ENTERTAINMENT

In Calgary, at the Grand theatre, on December 26th and 27th, the Red Cross are presenting a unique type of entertainment which will appeal to all Old Country people. It is nothing else than an Old English Pantomime, entitled "The Magic Carpet." The story is of great appeal to childhood. At Christmas time, even grown-ups of the most staid and severe type have been known to relax and enjoy the capers of the clown, and all the fun of the fair as it will be seen when the familiar old friends of our nursery days come to life on the stage before us. There will be Mother Goose and her wonderful family, also a living book of Nursery Rhymes, when all the characters will step out of the pages and you will see and hear them for yourselves. Santa will be there, and his mysterious wife. A fairy queen in all the grandeur and dignity of her court will appear, a guard of honor of real tin soldiers marching along. You will meet the

Snow elves, the holly people, the walking dolls, etc. Like Peter Pan, you will "believe in" fairy folk ever after.

The Red Cross are making every effort to present for the first time in the city of Calgary, a play "by children for children." The cast of two hundred will include some of the juniors from many of the school branches. The assisting adult cast are trained and finished artists in dramatic art. There will be beautiful music and dancing under the direction of the Macdonald Academy. The lighting effects, the costuming and scenery, will be true to the traditions of pantomime. It is expected that the public will attend each performance in such numbers that there will be capacity houses at the three performances on December 26th and 27th, Boxing day, Saturday matinee and evening.

The object of the Red Cross in featuring "The Magic Carpet," is twofold. It is to assist that most worthy and valuable institution, The Children's Hospital, which is administered by funds from the Junior Red

Cross, and the other reason is to provide for the many young people who will be spending Christmas in Calgary, a wholesome and joyous type of amusement. You can assist yourself by purchasing tickets by mail, and if unable to attend yourself, your tickets will be distributed to some little ones in need of cheer at Christmas.

Write Head Office, Red Cross, Beveridge Bldg., Calgary. Prices from fifteen cents to one dollar.

A SALESMAN'S PRAYER (From Canada)

Look with a forgiving eye on the buyers who lie to us about the low prices our competitors give them!

Strengthen the memory of those who are always going to give us a good order the next time we come around!

Teach us not to complain at the roller towels that the multitude have used before we got there!

Give us, stomachs like alligators that we might digest that stale bread and the join steaks cut from the neck where the yoke worked!

Teach us to be thankful for the stump water served us and called coffee!

Toughen our hides that we may sleep soundly in hotel beds that are already inhabited!

And please, above all things, grant our wives patience so they won't expect our wages until we get them!

In our issue on Thursday last, we asked that anyone knowing of any children whose names have not been submitted to the Elks' Christmas Tree committee, would kindly leave their names at The Enterprise office. One of the replies ran this way: "My name is Sandy McPherson. I got eight children under twelve years: Dorothy, aged 11; Mary and George, aged 9; Dominic, aged 7; Dora and May, aged 4½; Jimmy, aged 2; and another kid two days old and not christened yet. Kindly send parcels to the house, because our next-door neighbor, a Jew, is taking us all to the picture show on Monday night."

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON

May You and Yours
Enjoy a Happy Christmas and
all Prosperity in 1924

McLAREN LUMBER CO.

LUMBER MERCHANTS

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA



For Past Favors We Thank You
and Wish You All
Whatever is Best for the Future

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM

Smith Market Co.

Fresh and Cured Meats, Etc. Markets at

LUNDBECK

HILLCREST

BELLEVUE

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE
CROWS' NEST PASS WE EXTEND OUR
HEARTIEST GREETINGS

Wishing all a
Merry Christmas
and a
Bright and
Prosperous New
Year.

Plunkett & Savage
Lethbridge, Limited

—SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE CROWS' NEST PASS FOR—
BLUE GOOSE ORANGES

BLAIRMORE PHONE 178 ALBERTA

We Greet You One and All
and offer you the best menu that
Christmas can provide

The Plaza Cafe
DON LEWIS, PROPRIETOR

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

A little leap year now and then
makes husbands of some single men.

If straightened out an ounce of
spider web would stretch 350 miles.

Dad Palmer says: "No matter how
big your head may be swelled, it isn't
safe to blow your knows."

The girl we sympathize with is the
one who has a twin brother. She
dare not lie about her age.

Lloyd Cook, formerly of the Taber
Chiefs, and for many years connected
with the Vancouver Maroons, has
been released from the Boston Bruins
and is returning to the Pacific coast.

Owing to telephone interruption,
several business concerns between
Blairmore and Cowley failed to be
represented by a greeting space in
this issue.

Store windows are unusually at-
tractive this season, and prayers are
being uttered that Jack Frost will
keep away from the window panes
until after the festive season.

The question for each man to settle
is not what he would do if he had
means, time, influence and education-
al advantages, but what he will do
with the things he has.—H. W. Mable.

A Virginia gentleman tells us that
he doesn't hit his wife any more since
he got fined in police court. No,
Sah, from now on when dat wife
zipsperates me, I'se gwine kick her
good—den she can't show it to de
judge."

NOTICE TO SHOPPERS

Stores will keep open till nine p.m.
on Tuesday, till 10 p.m. or later on
Wednesday. Open as usual on Fri-
day.

Seeing that no other organization
is coming forward with a New Year
celebration, the Elks have decided to
stage a grand dance in the opera
house on New Year's Eve.

A man who can speak six lang-
uages has just married a woman who
can speak three. That seems to be
about the right handicap.

It's Christmas, men! Get out your good-
will—polish up your generosity—hurry
your heart-beats—warm your faith—stir
up your tenderest emotions—save your se-
crets—stand fast for surprises—get out the
red ink—away with the blues—where are
your gayest greens?—Come on, be cheer-
ful. It's Christmas.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES

A special Christmas service will be
held at the Union church on Thurs-
day morning at 11 o'clock, at which
the Rev. Oliver, of Bellevue, will be
the preacher. The senior children of
the Sunday school will occupy the
choir.

The usual midnight service will be
held at St. Anne's church, at 11.30
on Wednesday night, when Christmas
carols will be sung by full choir. Rev.
Father Cosman, the pastor, will of-
ficiate.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Returning to the taxi from the Or-
pheum theatre the other night, two
girls were discussing their favorite
operas. Just as the driver was about
to close the door, one girl said to the
other: "I simply love Cameron." The
driver blushed and whispered: "Try
someone else, miss, for I'm married!"

A REGULAR TAKE-OFF

"Of course I love you, Tom," and
she took off her shoes. "Yes, we will
get married some day," and she took
off her stockings. "We will have the
sweetest little bungalow," and she
took off her sport sweater. "We will
have a lot of little flower beds," and
she took off her skirt. "Tom, dear,
why can't we be married in the spring
when all the world is filled with
laughter?" and she took off her cam-
isole. "If you prefer the fall I prefer
it too, because we are as one sweet-
heart," and she took off her petticoat
because she was an old-fashioned girl.
"Tom dear, tell me once more that
you love me," and she removed the
last vestiges of her clothing. "Tom,
honey, I better say goodnight for I
have to get up early in the morning."
And she hung up the receiver.—Es.

THE RANDOM SHOT

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell in the distance, I know not
where,
Till a neighbor said that it killed his
calf
And I had to pay him 6 and 1/2.
I bought some poison to slay some
rats,
And a neighbor swore it killed his
cats,
And rather than argue across the
fence,
I paid him four dollars and 50 cents.
One night I set sailing a toy balloon,
And hoped it would soar till it reach-
ed the moon,
But the candle fell on a farmer's
straw,
And he said I must settle or go to law,
And that is the way with the random
shot—
It never hits the proper spot,
And the joke you sprang, that you
think so smart,
May leave a wound in some fellow's
heart. —Hamline Oracle.

CANADIAN VERSUS U.S. RAIL RATES ON WHEAT

"In January, 1924, the Omaha Bee
published the results of an exhaustive
study it had made with reference to
the cost of producing and marketing
wheat in this country, as compared
with the cost of producing and mar-
keting wheat in Canada. One of the
most significant feature of this re-
port was the difference in cost of
transportation to the Canadian wheat
growers and the American wheat
grower. It showed that the Edmon-
ton, Canada, wheat grower can reach
the Chicago market by lake and rail
haul for a rate of 30 1/2 cents per
bushel per hundred weight. The same
rate prevails to the wheat grower in
the Calgary, Canada, district. But the
American wheat grower who ships to
Chicago from American Falls, Idaho,
must pay a rate of 63 1/2 cents per
hundred weight to get his grain deliv-
ered in Chicago, or more than twice
what it costs his Canadian competitor
to reach the same market. The rate
from Billings, Montana, to Chicago is
52 1/2 cents per hundred weight; from
Cheyenne, Wyoming, 50 1/2 cents;
from Denver, Colorado, 50 1/2 cents;
from Grand Island, Nebraska, 37
cents; from Mitchell, South Dakota,
32 1/2 cents.

For export purposes the Edmonton
wheat grower can lay his wheat down
in New York, using a lake and rail
haul, at a rate of 47.17 cents per
hundred weight. The same is true of
the wheat grower in the Calgary dis-
trict. The wheat producers who ship
from American Falls, Idaho, for ex-
port to New York must pay a rate of
83.17 cents per hundred weight,
using lake and rail hauls. From Bil-
lings, Montana, the rate is 72.17
cents; from Denver, Colorado, it is
70.17 cents; from Grand Island, Ne-
braska, it is 56.17 cents; from Mit-
chell, South Dakota, it is 52.17 cents.

From this it will be seen that the
cost of transportation is much less in
Canada than in the United States.
The difference is so great that it
amounts to many cents per bushel.
The cost of railroading is about the
same in both countries. If any dif-
ference exists in the cost of operat-
ing the railroads, the lower cost
should be in the United States, where
climatic conditions are more favor-
able. If the Canadian railways are
losing money, that money goes to the
producers. If there is no loss to the
railroads from this low rate in Can-
ada, then, surely, the railroads in the
United States are making immense
profits from the rate they are get-
ting.

It has been charged that the rail-
roads in Canada have been losing
money. That may be very true. It
has not charged that this loss can be
traced to the low rate charged for
hauling wheat. If the loss now suf-
fered by the Canadian railroads could

*A Merry Christmas and
A Most Prosperous New Year
to all*

The Christie Grant Co.

ARE exceedingly grateful to those who
by their patronage have made their
first six months' business in this district
: : **A SUCCESS.** : :
With prospects of better times ahead, they
look forward to the coming New Year with
confidence.

THE set policy of this firm is the smallest
possible margin of profit on every line
of merchandise they carry. Their immense
buying power enables them to offer values
impossible for you to duplicate.

See Us For Your Christmas Presents

**Make Christie Grant's Blairmore Store
Your 1925 Shopping Centre**

To Our Many Friends and Patrons of
the Crows' Nest Pass we extend Christmas
Greetings and Best Wishes for
A Happy and Prosperous New Year

J. S. D'Appolonia

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
All Kinds of Building Spacious Stock
COLEMAN ALBERTA

Best Wishes for
A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

G. K. SIRETT

Painter to the People of the Crows' Nest Pass

BELLEVUE ALBERTA

Shortages estimated at around
\$20,000 are reported by the New-
foundland postal department.

Nine thousand runs of our big
newspaper press were necessary to
produce this issue.

To our Many Friends in The Crows' Nest Pass
allow us to wish you

A Very Merry Christmas

The Lundbreck Trading Co.

A. M. DENSMORE

LUNDBRECK, ALBERTA

be turned into profit, would it be ne-
cessary to increase the rate there to
the same rate charged in the United
States? The loss suffered by those
railroads may not be a result of too
low grain rates. The loss may be in-
curred from too low rates on other
commodities. The rate on each com-
modity should be a compensatory
rate. No commodity should be fa-
vored with a rate so low that it is car-
ried at a loss, and then have the rate
on another commodity boosted high
enough to cover that loss.

Any way, the freight rates on wheat
here in the United States seem to
need revision.—The Press, Minot,
N. D.

The Vancouver Maroons play at
Calgary on Saturday night and a
number of local hockey fans are plan-
ning on seeing them in action.

WE WISH THE PEOPLE
OF THE CROWS' NEST PASS A

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



Greenhill Hotel and Grill

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

—AT YOUR SERVICE—

—BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA—

WE WISH EVERYONE THE
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

and prepared to serve your requirements in
"ONLY THE BEST"
in
BREADS, CAKES, PASTRIES, ETC.

The Star Bakery

H. NISSEN, PROP.

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

We Have Fresh Young Turkeys, Ducks, Geese and Poultry
and Choice Meats for Christmas and New Year

THE SEASON'S BEST WISHES

UNION MEAT MARKET

H. ZAK, PROP

BLAIRMORE

Counter Check Books Reduced Over 15%

ORDER NOW FOR FUTURE DELIVERY AND
BENEFIT BY THIS REDUCTION

The Western Sales Book Co., Limited
The Biggest Counter Sales Book Plant
in Western Canada

BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE DISTRICT AGENTS

All Styles and Sizes of Automatic and
Carbon Leaf Counter Check Books

ALTHOUGH prices are lower than they have
been in years, we can assure you that our
books will maintain the usual high standard of
quality. All books printed clearly in a high-work-
man-like manner, on the best grade of paper and
bound with the regular manilla and cardboard
covers.

PROMPT AND EFFICIENT SERVICE

— Call and See Samples, or Write or Phone —

The Enterprise, Blaimore

ORDERS EXECUTED DAILY

CHRISTMAS EVE

"Please mother, don't make any fire
in our grate," begged little Jessie.
"Why, you'll freeze."
"I don't mind being cold, just so
long as Santa will be able to get down
the chimney all right."

Wishing One and All
The Season's Greetings

T. FOLINO

Shoemaker Blaimore

A VOICE FOR SANTA CLAUS

Read it last week in the paper, ha't of a page it had;
Read it out loud to mother; my, but it made her mad!
Somethin' some college feller said in a mile-long speech,
That Santa Claus is a humbug that nobody ought to teach;
That tellin' the children stories of how he comes through the snow
To bring 'em their toys and daddies was wicked and bad and low;
That him and his prancin' reindeer, his pack and his old red sleigh,
Was nothin' but lyin' nonsense that ought to be thrown away.

Nothin' but lyin' nonsense, teachin' a child deceit?
Nothin' but fairy stories? Maybe, but ain't they sweet?
What would you give, you fellows—gray-headed granddads all,
Workin' from morn till evenin' over this hard old ball—
What would you give in money, cash that you worked for so,
To live in the fairy stories you believed in long ago?
What would you sell your past for? How much would close the deal?
That bought up your mem'ries treasures, of days when them tales
was real.

Christmas without a Santa? 'Member the nights before?
'Member how hard you listened hearin' the old folks snore,
Hearin' the wind a-whistlin' up in the chimney flue,
There in the place where Santa somehow would wiggle through?
'Member the Christmas mornin'? 'Member the stockin's, What?
Wasn't they filled with goodies? Nothin' that cost a lot,
But, 'cause old Santa brought 'em, wonderful things, you bet!
'Member just how you loved him? Some of us love him yet.

Christmas without a Santa? Puddin' without the plums,
Think of the million youngsters waitin' the day he comes,
Countin' the hours and minutes, thinkin' they hear his sleigh,
Just as their daddies heard it, back in another day.
Nothin' but lyin' nonsense, wicked to spread around?
Nothin' but lyin' nonsense, wicked to spread around,
Long as I've got a roof-tree, while there's a chimney flue,
Santa shall come to my house. How in it, folks with you?
—Joseph C. Lincoln.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder
to the faults of those about me; let me praise a little
more; let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit
more cherry; let me serve a little better those that
I am striving for. Let me be a little braver when
temptation bids me waver; let me strive a little
harder to be all that I should be; let me be a little
meeker with the brother that is weaker let me think
more of my neighbor and a little less of me.
—Selected.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE!

It takes so little to make us glad, to cheer us up,
to make us happy; it takes, and costs so little to be
kind, to be thoughtful, to be considerate; it takes so
little to cheer others up who are discouraged, so lit-
tle to lend a helping hand; yet it means so much to
others as well as to ourselves. We think too much
about doing the big things which look big in our
lives, and we think too little of the everyday little
acts of thoughtfulness, of kindness, the little help-
fulnesses to those who are disheartened and down
and out. After all, is it not the little things that
make up life?—Exchange.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



Do Your Christmas Shopping At This Store

We have hundreds of Gift Suggestions
that will please your gentlemen friends,
at very reasonable prices. The stock is
of the best and only two months from
the factory.



Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded

— A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU —

DAVE'S
For
MEN WHO CARE
Near Cosmopolitan Hotel

We Extend to the People of
Blaimore and District Our Heartiest Greetings
and assure them of
our continued desire to be of service

WISHING ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

John A. Kerr

High-Class Men's Furnishings

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

The ORPHEUM Theatre

Extends Greetings to All Patrons.

SPECIAL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY
D. W. GRIFFITH'S

"Orphans of The Storm"

ADAPTED FROM "THE TWO ORPHANS"

Took one whole year to construct this masterpiece
Great race by Cavalymen to beat the fall of the Guillotine's axe,
the most thrilling of all spectacles in photoplay

— POPULAR PRICES —

Matinee from 3 to 6

Night at 7

WISHING OUR MANY PATRONS A
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

and assuring them of the same efficient
service for 1925



The Crows' Nest Pass Motors

Dealer in

CHEVROLET AND STUDEBAKER CARS

PHONE 105

BLAIRMORE

We Extend to the People of
the Crows' Nest Pass Our Heartiest Greetings
for the Christmas Season and may
the New Year bring Happiness and Prosperity

"Yellow Pennant" Taxi

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE — CLOSED CARS

Phone 240-r 8

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

Greetings !

TO the Citizens of the
Grows' Nest Pass
we take pleasure
in extending Hearty Holi-
day Greetings.

**A Very Merry
Christmas and a
Happy and
Prosperous New Year
to all.**

International Coal & Coke Co., Limited
COLEMAN, ALBERTA

THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

Office of Publication:
Blairmore, Alberta.
Subscriptions to all parts of the Do-
minion, \$3.00 per annum. For-
eign subscription, \$2.50. Payable
in advance.
Business notices, 15c. per line.
Legal notices, 15c. per line for first
insertion; 10c. per line for each
subsequent insertion.
Display Advertising Rates on Appli-
cation.

W. J. BARTLETT, PUBLISHER

At this season of the year, our
thoughts turn to those whose friend-
ly business has made possible bigger
and better things and we extend to all
a hearty greeting for Christmas and
best wishes for a prosperous New
Year.—The Blairmore Enterprise.

A few days ago, Ole received a
notice from the bank, to which he re-
plied as follows: "I just got a notice
from you. You make mistake. Look
here on my statement at de bottom, it
says O. D. 36.42. Isn't dat On De-
posit!"

Some local individuals who profess
to be supporters of hockey would do
the biggest favor of their lifetime if
they would only refrain from smok-
ing in the arena while a game is in
progress. The boys admire the hon-
est-to-goodness rooster, but have ab-
solutely no regard or respect for the
person annoying them by smoking.

One of the most enterprising busi-
ness firms in Alberta, the W. E. Lord
Co., at Red Deer, recently adopted a
new scheme of advertising in addition
to their liberal outlay with the home
newspapers. They issued complete
directories to every telephone sub-
scriber in the district.

Greenhill Temple, Pythian Sisters
was favored with an official visit
from Mrs. Wainwright, of Calgary,
the grand chief of the provincial as-
sembly, at their regular meeting on
Friday night. A number of sisters
from Coleman and Hillcrest were in
attendance, and the initiatory degree
was conferred on two candidates.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE

Now listen, little people, for I'm sure you will enjoy
The terrible adventure of a very naughty boy.
Who only thought of Christmas (for his ways were very rough)
As just an opportunity for little boys to stuff.

He saw the pudding boiling, and his eyes began to roll;
He didn't think it large enough to satisfy his soul.
And when upon the table all the feast was duly spread,
Imagine, if you're able, how the greedy bounder fed.

When dinner time was over, he was shockingly alert
For all the dinky dainties of a beautiful desert.
And hollips and chocolates, and oranges galore
Went down in endless quantities. And yet he asked for more!

At last when day had ended and the dark shadows spread,
They took him up with tenderness and carried him to bed.
"Don't jar him, please," his father cried. "Go gently, gently do!
A careless jerk, a little bump, might snap the boy in two.
And when you put him in his cot—for mine and mother's sake—
Be sure to let him softly down, without the slightest shake."

"Was done. He slumbered deep and sound. Till, hark! That savage
And flocks of turkeys, wild with wrath, are bursting through the door.
Up, up the sleeping hero springs, and with a mighty bound
Out through the open window flies, to light upon the ground.
The gobbling flocks still pursue. He hears them close behind.
His limbs grow weak. He yells for help. But help he cannot find.
A thousand birds are on his back, and each his vengeance takes,
Till, squealing like a dying pig, the dreaming hero wakes."

The lad's cries soon were over, and the doctor came to say:
"This boy must have no more to eat till after New Year's Day."

Now that's the tale. There's nothing else. Yet, is it much amiss
That I should beg you bear in mind so sad a fact as this,
And ask you please to recollect that pleasure lies in store
For those who take enough to please, but not
one atom more?

—John Lee.

Quite a number of important social
events are being arranged for the
Christmas week.

Mr. W. J. Huston left by Saturday
night's train for Winnipeg, where he
will spend Christmas with friends.

The local Elks are planning on
staging another dance on New Year's
Eve. Watch for further announce-
ment.

A glance over the many greetings
contained in this Christmas Number
will put you next to the liveliest and
best of the business concerns of
Blairmore and district. They are all
deserving of your support and are
ever ready to serve you.

The Lundbreck polo club will hold
a dance in the Lundbreck hall on the
night of Tuesday, December 30th.

The children of the town are look-
ing forward to the big treat to be
given them tonight by the Elks.

Local option will be given effect in
British Columbia, and districts that
voted for the sale of beer by the glass
in licensed premises will be given
that privilege.

Canada exported to the United
States during the past twelve months
298,819 gallons of whiskey, valued at
\$4,700,000; and more than three mil-
lion gallons of beer and ale went to
the same country.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

A Scotchman, named McPherson,
called at our office on Saturday for
the Canadian cent advertised in our
last issue. He paid us 70 cents for
the ad and remarked: "Lord, I'm
grateful to you!"

IF YOU'RE GOOD

Santa Claus will come tonight
If you're good.
And do what you know is right.
As you should.
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bring for you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep,
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh,
Through the wood,
But he'll come around this way
If you're good.
With a wind-up bird that sings,
And a puzzle made of rings,
He will bring you many things
If you're good.

Jumping jacks and cars that go,
If you're good,
And a rocking-horse, Oh!
If he would!
And a dolly that can sneeze,
That says "Mamma!" when you
sneezes,
He'll bring you one of these
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad.
As he should;
But it makes him very glad
When you're good.
He is wise and he's a dear;
Just do right and never fear;
He'll remember you each year,
If you're good.

Word has just been received of the
death of Mr. Jarrett Evans, which
occurred at Nakusp, B.C., on Friday
last. Mr. Evans formerly conducted
the Bellevue Bakery and was well
and favorably known throughout this
district. Besides several brothers,
one of whom, William L., resides in
Blairmore, Mr. Evans leaves a wife
and several small children, with
whom we extend sympathy. Mr.
Evans was a member of Bellevue I.
O.O.F. Lodge, and left Bellevue a few
years ago to seek better health in a
lower district. At Nakusp he con-
ducted fruit and vegetable farming
and a bake shop.

Here's a new definition of "jazz"—
Substitution of the cult of tortoise
for the torch of culture.

CHRISTMAS

Oh, we all hang up our stockings
And have a Christmas tree;
And send a lot of Christmas cards
As pretty as can be;
But best of all at Christmas time
I like the story old
Of Jesus in His manger bed
And white lambs in the fold;
Of the Star that shone on Bethlehem
And angels singing there
And strange Wise Men with costly gifts
Before the Mother fair.
For Christmas means His Birthday,
That's why it is so dear,
And I wish you many Christmases,
That often you may hear
The sweetest, greatest Story
This old earth ever knew,
Greatest and best and holiest,
Because, you see, it's true!

*To the Citizens of the Crows' Nest
Pass and District we extend
the most cordial*

*Greetings of The
Season*

DAILY
DECEMBER
AND UNTIL JAN. 5, 1925
Return Limit Three Months

Excursions
to the **EAST**



ASK ABOUT
EXCURSIONS
PACIFIC COAST

SPEND THE CHRISTMAS,
NEW YEAR'S SEASON
WITH THE FOLKS BACK
EAST

GO VIA THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC
IT SPANS THE WORLD

**BLAIRMORE IRON WORKS
LIMITED**

Phone 144

Blairmore

HEARTY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To my friends and customers and may the New Year
bring forth greater prosperity than ever.

Your patronage is appreciated

Christmas Groceries

Our Stock of Fancy Groceries, Raisins, Currants, Nuts, Candies, Etc., in very complete — Look Over the Following

NUTS	
Peanuts, 20c lb, 2 lbs for	35c
Filberts, per lb	20c
Walnuts, per lb	20c
Almonds, per lb	25c
Brasilis, per lb	25c
Mixed Nuts, 5 lbs for	\$1.00
Shelled Almonds, Spanish, per lb	60c
Shelled Walnuts, per lb	60c
Fancy French Shelled Walnuts, halves, per lb	75c
Glaze Cherries, per lb	75c
Crystallized Cherries, per lb	90c

WAGSTAFFS JAM	
Fancy Pack Jam in 4 lb Glass Jar, Strawberry	
Raspberry, Peach, Apricot, Green Plum, Jar \$1.25	
Also in 4 lb tins in all varieties, per tin	90c

CANNED FRUIT AND VEGETABLES	
French Peas, per tin	30c
French Beans, per tin	35c
Mushrooms, per tin	25c, 35c and 60c
Ripe Olives, per tin	45c
Asparagus Tips, per tin	50c

TEA AND COFFEE	
Our Own Choice Tea, per lb	90c
French Best Tea, per lb	90c
De Luxe Tea, ½ lb package	45c
Special Bulk Tea, per lb	65c

Blue Ribbon, Safala, Nabob, Lanka, Ideal in packages
For a good cup of Coffee, try a pound of fresh ground—Three Qualities, per lb 50c, 60c and 70c
Sail Brand, Nabob, Tuxedo and Lipton's Coffee in 1 lb Tins

Cups and Saucers, Cake Plates, Salad Bowls, Jardinières, Vases, etc., all new designs and reasonably priced.
52 PIECE DINNER SETS at \$18.00, \$22.00, \$25.00 and \$27.50 each
Fryex Casseroles, Pie Plates, etc.

TOBACCO, CIGARS, CIGARETTES
Put up in
FANCY CHRISTMAS BOXES
Make an Acceptable Gift for a Man

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR	
For all your baking	
7, 10, 24, 40, 98 lb Sacks	
Swift's Silver Leaf Lard	
3 lb, 5 lb, 10 lb Tins	

STUFFED DATES	
Large Dates stuffed with nuts, per lb	60c
Pitted Dates, per pkg	30c
Monogram Dates, pkg, 15c	
Figs, per pkg, 10c	
Layer Rigs, per lb	30c

FANCY CORN ON THE COB	
Per tin, 35c	

KNOX GELATINE	
per pkg, 25c	
Red Feather Jelly Powder	
each 10c — per doz \$1.10	
Bird's Custard Powder	
Bird's Egg Powder	
Monk & Glass Custard Powder	

CHINAWARE
Jardinières, Vases, etc., all new designs and reasonably priced.
ENGLISH TEA POTS, from 75c to \$3.00

RAISINS	
Seedless, per pkg	12½c and 17½c
Seedless, 5 lb package	75c
Seeded, 5 lb package	75c
Bleached Sultanas, 3 lbs for	15c
Grecian Bleached Sultanas, fancy quality, per lb	25c
Reclined Currants, 2 lbs for	25c
Cut Peel, 1 lb boxes	40c
Whole Peel, Lemon, Orange and Citron	
Maraschino Cherries, red, per bottle	25c and 50c
Maraschino Cherries, green or yellow, per bottle	50c

JELLY	
Crabapple Jelly, glass, each	35c
Black Currant Jelly, each	40c
Red Currant, Plum, Quince, Mint Jelly, each	35c
Bramble Jelly, 4 lb tins, each	95c

Sliced Pineapple, per tin	25c and 35c
Crushed Pineapple, tin	35c
Peaches, sliced, per tin	35c and 45c
Fancy Peas, per tin	35c and 45c
Raspberries, Strawberries, Cherries, Loganberries, Apricots, etc.	

CANDIES AND CAKE	
Creams, Jellies, Caramels, etc.	
A Large Assortment of Christmas Candies at	
per lb, 35c, 40c, 45c and 50c	
Moir's Chocolates, per lb	75c
Moir's Fruit Cake, per lb	50c
Moir's Sultana Cake, per lb	50c
MOIR'S AND GANONG'S FANCY BOXED CHOCOLATES	
at from	
50c to \$4.25 Per Box	

Scott's
Phone 222 Blairmore

PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS
A shipment of
CHRISTMAS POTTED PLANTS
will arrive next week.
Leave your orders for Cut Flowers

LIFE IS WORTH A LOT OF LIVING

THERE is some doubt whether it is good for most of us to do much thinking about Life, what it is and what it is worth. On most subjects it is better to think than to feel. About Life it is better to feel than to think.

We have been collecting some things that various people who have tried to think about Life have said. Here are a few of them:

Henry James defined Life as "the predicament that precedes Death."

H. G. Wells once called it something like "a little stir in the slime, a fuss in the mud."

Another English writer said that human history on this earth might be put in the record of all time as "a brief but discreditable episode in the life of one of the meaner planets."

We are not gods lolling on high Olympus and looking far down at the tiny earth. We are on the earth, and here to stay. We are men and women, boys and girls, human beings with more power to reason, more sensitivity to emotion, more versatility than any other known form of life.

We are not giants, but we are tall enough to see the distant purple hills and to look down long vistas of beauty, to reach up to pluck fruits and bend down to smell blossoms, to walk and run beside friendly animals, to wade and swim in deep, cool waters.

We are not Titans, but we have muscle enough to fashion and handle tools, to plant and sow and reap, to dig metals and coal out of the ground, to build shelters against storm and cold, to tear away jungles, fell trees, drain bogs, and make habitable places.

We are not all-wise, but we have learned to make fire and draw down electricity, to tell our thoughts to one another, even across continents, to send music through the air, to fly above the clouds and plunge beneath the sea, to discover the secrets of other creatures, even to solve some of the mysteries of the sky, and to preserve on thin paper and on wax disks our partial knowledge so that our children's children may live better by it.

We are not immortal, but we live long enough to come to love greatly a few people and to know and honor many others, to beget children, teach them and be taught by them, to grow in wisdom and humility, in gentleness and in faith.

THE GREAT GOOD SANTA CLAUS

(Inspired by the sad fate of one of the little boys who went to meet Santa Claus at Place Viger Station, Montreal).

We watched the papers day by day
To read what Santa had to say,
For we expected him in town.
And when he came we hurried down
With hearts that bubbled o'er with joy
For Santa loves each girl and boy.

But when we reached the station gate
We found the crowd was very great,
And brother says to me "I fear
We surely can't get very near,
And I'm so small I cannot see,
And I'm quite sure he can't see me."

We followed Santa to the store,
The crowd grew big; our feet were sore,
And we were crowded to the street
With not a chance our friend to greet,
And to my brother I did say
We'll come again some other day.

Though crowds were there, we felt alone,
And we decided to go home,
But we were lost out in the street,
So asked a man we chanced to meet
If he could tell us where to go,
But what he said I do not know.

My brother then began to cry,
With gloom and darkness drawing nigh;
His legs grew stiff, he couldn't walk,
And then his tongue refused to talk,
And what to do I didn't know,
For we were lost out in the snow.

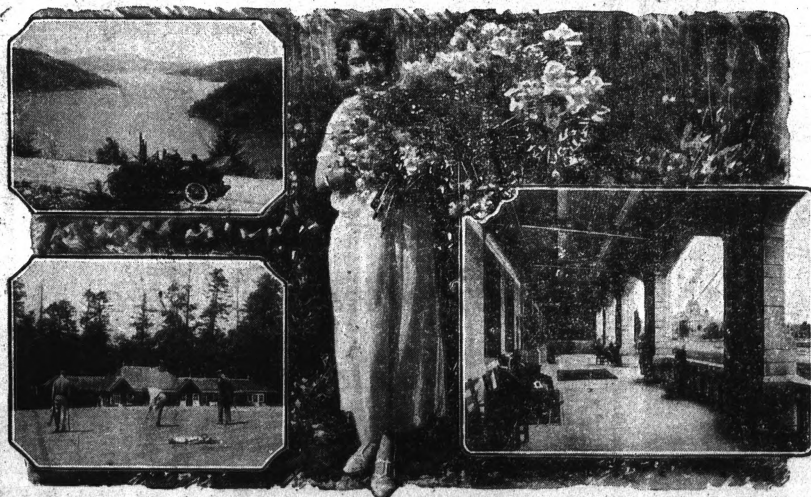
To rest his weary little feet
I reached a stoop just off the street,
And crawling in I hugged him tight,
For cold and bitter was the night;
Benumbed and cold we went to sleep
Till morning dawn began to peep.

When we were found at break of day
By people passing down that way,
My brother's soul had all but fled,
For that is what the doctor said;
The Great Good Santa Claus had come
And taken my dear brother home.

So now, kind friends, if you should meet
Some little children on the street,
Don't pass them by, but give them heed,
And help them if you see their need,
For Jesus says unto thee,
By helping them you're helping Me.

—W. G. Hopper

Where They Play Golf All the Year Round



In the Empress Hotel Gardens. At the top, inset, a view of the Malahat drive. Below, one of the many Public Golf courses, which Victoria is famous for and at the right a photograph

Famed for a mild, equable climate, a scenic setting equalled to the choicest English beauty spots, a resemblance which has led to the appellation of "A Little Bit of Old England," and the up-to-dateness of a modern western city has combined to make Victoria, the Evergreen City, one of the principal tourist cities of the North Pacific coast throughout the entire year.

Victoria, which with its suburbs has a population of 60,000, is also the capital of British Columbia, the legislative buildings forming an attractive picture for the new arrival disembarking in the inner harbor. The city, located on the southeast extremity of Vancouver Island, is practically in the same latitude as Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and other eastern cities, yet because of the warm Japan current that fringes British Columbia's coast, Victoria enjoys the year round a climate unsurpassed in the Dominion. The mean temperature in winter is 42 degrees and in summer 61. Coupled with this is an average yearly rainfall of only 27.45 inches, less than half the average precipitation on the adjacent mainland.

With this salubrious climate outdoor sports are possible the entire year, five or six golf courses being available in and around the city.

For the motorist, not only Victoria but the entire Vancouver Island provides drives of varying lengths into a territory that has been named a "Thousand Miles of Wonderland." Greatest of all these is the famous Malahat Mountain drive running north from Victoria and rising to more than 1,500 feet above the sea level, affording a view of sea and mountain unexcelled.

In and around Victoria are sufficient tourist attractions to keep the newcomer busy for many days. These include the Butchart sunken gardens, transformed within the last decade into a veritable fairyland of flowers, shrubs, lawns, roses, waterfalls and lakes; the astrophysical observatory with the second largest telescope in the world, and 1,600

acres of beautiful parks featuring Beacon Hill Park virtually in the heart of the city.

In the summer more than a hundred shady beaches and romantic little bays dotted along seventy miles of water frontage lure the holiday-maker. Some face the Straits of Juan de Fuca and open to the sweep of the Pacific Ocean tides, while others are almost landlocked, with clear, untroubled waters.

Travelling to Victoria from the mainland is one of the joys of a holiday spent in the capital city. An 82-mile trip through landlocked, sheltered waters past evergreen islands, brings the traveller from Vancouver. Frequent service on palatial steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway is afforded to Victoria from Vancouver and Seattle direct, while a further steamer to Nanaimo affords an optional route. Rail connection is made between Nanaimo and Victoria.

As a further development of Victoria as a winter resort, The Crystal Garden, an elaborate amusement center, is being erected near the Empress Hotel. It will be opened for Victoria Day Celebration next May, a steel and concrete structure with 36,000 square feet of glazed roof surface. The central feature of the Crystal Garden will be a huge salt water swimming pool, the largest on the Pacific Coast.

Nearby the Empress Hotel, overlooking the inner harbour. Located in spacious grounds, beautiful alike in winter and summer with roses, holly trees and other shrubs and flowers. This deservedly popular hotel has been the temporary home for thousands of visitors.

To the tourist from the inland cities especially, Victoria affords a splendid opportunity to view the ever-interesting scenes of an ocean port. Practically all in-bound and out-bound Pacific liners make Victoria a port of call on their way to Vancouver and Seattle. In this way, the Victoria visitor is brought closely to touch with the movements of shipping to and from Australia and the Orient.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE
OF C.N.R. PRESIDENT

MONTREAL, Dec. 22.—Through the medium of the Canadian National Railway Magazine, Sir Henry W. Thornton has addressed the following Christmas message to all members of the company:

"Now that another year has rolled by I want to express my deepest appreciation of everything you have done during this year. We have faced obstacles together and we have overcome them; we have encountered odds and have beaten them; we have been earnest and cheerful through it all and nothing, but success can be the reward of such efforts.

"To those of you who come in contact with the travelling public and those on whom depends the obtaining of freight traffic, I want to voice my appreciation of your work. Courtesy and service, a willingness to do a little bit more than is absolutely necessary have won for us friends and business. Our competition in the great fight for business has been clean and wholesome and those who have been waging it in the open have been heartily supported by those in the background—that unseen army of Canadian National employees who have been making it possible to render a service that improves with each day. I refer to those outside the traffic department. Whether a man's duties lie in shovelling snow from a station platform or in making the roadbed of a section a little smoother, he is giving service which is appreciated.

"Conditions during the past year have not been of the best anywhere in the world, and Canada has come in for her share of depression, but with brighter visions ahead and a spirit such as permeates the Canadian National family, we will face the coming year with enthusiasm and courage, and through our determination each of us will justify the work he has done during 1934 and the work to be done during the coming year.

"At this time I want to take the opportunity to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

(Signed) H. W. Thornton.

ONE SHOULD LAUGH

Son: "I say, Mother, I don't believe those two Wilson boys are twins, after all."

Mother: "What makes you think that, dear?"

Son: "Because one was ill in school this morning, and the other wasn't, and they'd both had the same for breakfast."

When a gentleman called and asked to see Mrs. Brown, the new doorman, true to his calling, detained him with the customary, "But is Mrs. Brown expecting you?"

The caller withered him with a glance.

"My good man," he said, "Mrs. Brown was expecting me before I was born. She is my mother."

"How kind of you to bring me those lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them," said the charming daughter of a New York architect to her fiancé.

"Yes," he answered, in great embarrassment, "there is, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

FROM O'NEILL'S 1934 DIARY

"Been hunting today, Stranger?"

"Yes."

"Shot anything?"

"I don't know yet—I'm waiting for the rest of the party to get into camp so that we can call the roll."

NOTICE

The next regular meeting of the Blainmore Gin Drinkers' Association will be held in the private residence of Count Valentino Rinaldi on Thursday, December 26th, at 2:30 a.m. Members are requested to bring their bibles and pyjamas and be prepared to forget home and hubby for six hours. Fail not!



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

In the rush of the merry morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day;
Then we hear a fitful rushing
Just without upon the stair,
See two white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good-will?
What sweet spell are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view:
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise;
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome,
"Merry Christmas, every one!"



CHRISTMAS, 1934

How shall we come to the Christmas of 1934? Shall it be with despair in our hearts of the final triumph of good over evil, or dare we, despite the voices of the present and the dark fears for the future, declare our faith in the words of Browning's innocent child, and say,

"God's in His heaven;
All's right with the world!"

The answer is simple. Leave Him out of His heaven and out of His world, and Christmas, with its "glorious song of old,"

is little less than a mockery. But hold to the faith that has stayed and soothed unnumbered multitudes of earth's finest spirits in days when those about them were saying, "Where is now thy God?" and you will greet the dawn of the new Christmas with a deep and satisfying peace.

Here is an optimism that will halt the coming Christmas not because it ignores the facts, an optimism that knows that, though mighty empires have come and gone, and darkness settled over many a nation like an impenetrable gloom, the world has steadily, if slowly, rolled out of darkness into light. This is not the only era in human history when civilization has seemed to be drifting

toward the rocks, with no watcher at the bow and no hand on the helm.

Would any of us like to go back to the days when man was emerging from his arboreal life? Do we pine for the civilization of Babylon or Egypt, or Rome, with the world mostly slaves? Have we made no progress even through nights of French Revolutions and Russian horrors? Look back over human history and trace the upward climb, and mark the larger world into which humanity has come since that first Christmas day, and despair will give place to hope, and the song of Browning's little maid will not seem so mad a dream.

The Blairmore Vulcanizing & Battery Station

Wish to thank our numerous customers for their patronage during 1924 and for giving efficient and honest service we expect to retain same throughout 1925.

Wishing All a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year
W. M. Bush, Prop.

The Season's Greetings

To All

M. B. HUFFMAN

Agent

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Blairmore —Phone 229— Alberta

Wishing All a Happy Xmas and Prosperous New Year

C. H. ERIKSON

Carpenter and Builder
Cabinet Maker

A Merry Christmas and Health, Happiness and Prosperity in the New Year is the wish of

E. M. NEVILLE

Men's Clothes Specialist
Blairmore

To My Friends and Patrons

The Best Wishes of the Season

E. HINDS

—DRAYING—

Phone 149 Blairmore

A Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year to all

KING GEORGE CAFE

Joe You, Prop. Blairmore

YULETIDE THOUGHTS

CHRISTMAS A WISHING-TIME

Here's a welcome to Wishing-Time! A good word for Wishing-time! For Christmas-time is Wishing-time all the world over! Let it come to us in the white robes of winter-time—the snow-man in the garden and the snowballs on the street; the skating on the lake and the frosty walk to church; the snap-dragons in the hall and the ghost-story in the flickering fire-light!

Or let it come to us as it comes beneath the Southern stars, in all the golden glory of high summer-time—a flutter of white dresses and red roses, a festival of strawberries and cream! In one respect, at least, the season never changes. Come when it will it comes in a whirlwind of wishes. Summer-time or winter-time, Christmas-time is Wishing-time! I welcome once more the world's great Wishing-time.

I love to be out on the street on the night before Christmas. Last year, I remember, everybody "was abroad." It was difficult to post one's way along. For the movements of the throng were not regular. Friends met friends; groups quickly formed, and the stream of traffic became blocked in consequence.

But as I drifted along on the current of the crowd, and caught the fragments of conversation that fell upon my ears in passing, it occurred to me that everybody was wishing. "Wish you a Merry Christmas!"

"Compliments of the Season!"

Clearly, then, Christmas-time is Wishing-time! At this season of the year we all become experts in the art of wishing. If we do not do it well, it is certainly not for want of practice. We are at it from early morning until late at night.

A reasonable greeting is tucked into the closing sentences of every letter that we write; every handshake is accompanied by the expression of a timely wish; and even if, in passing each other on the streets, we do not pause to shake

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

What a wonderful spirit is this which meets us down on that margin where the years pass each other—one going and the other coming! It laughs at distance, for the mind then can wing its way over continents and seas that divide us. It starts pilgrimages in fancy, and reality, to the old home.

It calls its roll and from faded pages it brings names that were almost forgotten. Indeed, names are called then that one scarcely mentions from one year's end to another. It stops processions on the way to the cemetery of forgotten things. It awakens memory, and digs in the ashes of the past.

It breaks on mankind with the sound of bells, and lets in a flood of feeling that carries down the barriers of selfishness, and our little boats are loosened from their moorings. It is an earnest of redemption, and a reminder that the world is not altogether bad, for there is scarcely a doorway anywhere then in Christendom which is not entered by a messenger of Love.

Indeed, a channel has been worn in the world's year, and for these few days at least, the spirit of CHRIST fills it to the brim.

Christmas should mean more to the surging tide of humanity than a day in which to receive gifts and favors; a day in which the home table is adorned with bounteous supplies of rich food and relishes; a day in which the homes of the fortunate are warmed by glowing fires and blended into warm colors by appropriate decoration. Christmas is nothing to you if this is what it means.

The Christ gives all, without hope or promise of receiving. Shall we receive all and give nothing?

What about the unfortunate brother near you on whom Dame Fortune has not smiled? Offer the comfort of your freinds and the fruits of your labor to him on this, the Day of all Days.



SANTA CLAUS THE VETERAN

hands, we at least find time to toss our good wishes to each other as we hurry on.

A survey of the missives that, by morning, the postman brings, or a glance into any stationer's window, shows that all the resources of poetry and all the ingenuity of art have been exploited in order that our genius for wishing may find dainty and elegant expression. We flash out wishes with every nod of the head, with every glance of the eye, with every stroke of the pen. We breathe out wishes as the flowers breathe fragrance. We radiate wishes as the stars radiate light. Christmas invariably comes in, and the Old Year goes out, to the accompaniment of a perfect hurricane of wishes! There are wishes everywhere!

PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS PEACE

Christmas peace is God's; and He must give it Himself, with His own hand, or we shall never get it. Go then to God Himself. Thou art His child, as Christmas Day declares. Be not afraid to go unto thy Father. Pray to Him; tell Him what thou wantest; say, "Father, I am not moderate, reasonable, forbearing. I feel I cannot keep Christmas aright, for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit in me; and I know that I shall never get it by thinking, and reading, and understanding; for I pass all that, and lie far away beyond it, do peace, in the very essence of Thine undivided, unmovable, absolute, eternal Godhead, which no change nor decay of this created world, nor sin or folly of men, or devil, can alter; but which abideth for ever what it is, in perfect rest, and perfect power and perfect love. O Father, give me Thy Christmas Peace."—Charles Kingsley.

Christmas Time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the recurrence of Christmas.—Dickens.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie."

was written by Phillips Brooks, the great American Bishop, who was as great a man as a preacher. He tried to live like Christ. As he walked up and down the streets of Boston he nodded to people here and there until the whole street seemed filled with sunshine. Not many people to-day read his sermons, but he lives in the hearts of old and young through this beautiful Christmas song. This song has probably been translated in forty-seven languages and in the remotest corners of the earth hearts break forth into joy.

"How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven."

In this hymn the beloved Bishop Brooks will live and sing through many years.

Thanking You for all Past Favors and
Wishing You
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND PROSPEROUS
AND JOYOUS NEW YEAR

W. L. EVANS

NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

Wishing You All

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

BLAIRMORE'S PIONEER FURNITURE STORE

J. MONTALBETTI

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS
TO EVERYBODY

KNAPMAN PLUMBING & HEATING CO.

BLAIRMORE — ALBERTA

TO OUR PATRONS
THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

SUN CAFE

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

To Our Patrons
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

P. BURNS & CO., LTD.

BLAIRMORE HILLCREST BELLEVUE

THE SEASON'S BEST WISHES

from

S. TRONO

THE JEWELRY STORE BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

Wishing All a Happy Christmas and
Prosperous New Year

W. A. BEEBE

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE BLAIRMORE

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

J. E. UPTON

TAILOR TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CROWS' NEST PASS

BLAIRMORE — ALBERTA

Wishing All the
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

PLAZA CAFE

Don. Lewis, Prop.

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

Wishing All A Happy Christmas and a
Glad and Prosperous New Year.

MARK SARTORIS

SOFT DRINK DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE PASS
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